LEADER.

Most like a beast of the wild
That head, those locks defiled.

AGAVE *(lifting up the head more excitedly).*

He wakened his Mad Ones,
A Chase-God, a wise God !
He sprang them to seize this !
He preys where his band preys.

LEADER *(brooding, with horror).*

In the trail of thy Mad Ones
Thou tearcst thy prize, God I

AGAVE*

Dost praise it ?

LEADER.

I praise this ?

AGAVE.

Ah, soon shall the land
praise I

LEADER.

And Pentheus, O Mother,
Thy child ?

AGAVE.

He shall cry **on**
My name as none other,
Bless the spoils of the Lion !